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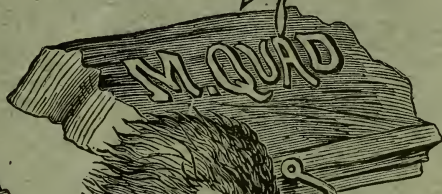
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

GOAKS AND TEARS

BY



THE DETROIT FREE PRESS MAN

WITH A CENTENNIAL CALENDAR
ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON HENRY L. SHEPARD & CO., PUBLISHERS.

GOAKS AND TEARS.

BY

M. QUAD,

"THE DETROIT FREE PRESS MAN."

Charles B. Lewis

WITH A CENTENNIAL CALENDAR, ILLUSTRATED.



BOSTON:

HENRY L. SHEPARD & CO., PUBLISHERS,

1875.

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GOAKS AND TEARS.

M. QUAD, "THE FREE PRESS MAN."

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN BY HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

THERE was nothing remarkable about his babyhood, except his red hair.

And the great quantity of soothing syrup necessary to keep him toned down.

He was born of humble parents. His father had never been on a jury, delivered a Fourth of July oration, or been sued for slander, and his mother had never rescued anybody from drowning, or delivered a lecture on woman's rights.



He never had any brothers or sisters. He might have had in due time, but his midnight howls wore his mother out when he was two years old, and she went to join the angels, and left him to howl it out.

His father was accidentally shot while courting a second wife, and the boy kicked the clothes off the bed to find himself an orphan.

He was the sole heir to all the property, and the property consisted of a wheelbarrow, a tooth-brush, and one or two other things. The boy's uncle swooped down on the estate, stole everything but the debts it was owing, and the orphan was given a grand bounce into the cold and heartless world.

But little is known of his boyhood. He probably had patches before and behind, like other orphans; wept over the grave of his mother in his sad moments, and crawled under the circus canvas in his hours of sunshine. Nothing in his demeanor attracted the attention of John Jacob Astor or Commodore Vanderbilt, and consequently he had more cuffs than fat clerkships.

At the age of fifteen he was invited to go up in a balloon.

He didn't go.



When he was seventeen, he decided to become a pirate, but all the captains on the Erie Canal discouraged him.

At eighteen he was in the Legislature, — sat there and heard a speech and then left with the other spectators.

At twenty he was foreman of a fire company, but was impeached because he couldn't "holler" as loudly as the foreman of "No. 7."

He had just reached his majority when he led a rich and beautiful girl to the altar — and handed her over to the bridegroom. He commenced in that year to be a "head writer" on newspapers. Was almost daily

informed that his proper sphere was acting as governor of a State, or in commanding armies, but he stuck to journalistic work.



He was funny from the start, but it took 18 years to make people believe it. He has had many wives, and is the father of scores of happy children. Has had the cholera and small-pox, written articles ranging from astronomy to the best manner of curing hams, been wrecked, shot, assassinated and banished, and to-day is hale, hearty and bald-headed.

All reports about a steamboat blowing him up are canards. He blew the boat up.

For further particulars see circulars.

CHRONOLOGICAL.

Up to the year 600, as I understand, no year had over five months in it, and no month had over three weeks. This brought Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years pretty closely together, and a patriot had hardly got through marching around with the fire company and hurrahing for General Jackson, when he was called upon to buy a Thanksgiving goose. The bones of that goose were scarcely buried before it was time to hang up stockings and receive Santa Claus' gifts of gold watches and diamond pins. Then came a New Year's dinner, and

it was only well digested before the boys came out with the anvil and fired thirteen guns for the Continental Congress.

Those must have been happy times. If a girl promised to marry a young man "next year" he hadn't more than time to get his boots made before the happy day was at hand and the minister was on the door-step. White-headed boys were entitled to vote, before they were out of bob-tailed coats, and red-headed girls, not tall enough to look over a gate, planned elopements.

Those good old days will never return. They are way off there, and we are way off here, and the people of to-day find even twelve full months such a short year that Connecticut men often give notes payable on the 32d of January.

LOOKING FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

He will be 100 years old on the 1st of May, and he will don his blue swallow-tailed coat, grease his cowhide boots, put on his ancient straw hat, take up his cane, and set out for the Centennial. He has a few dollars in his calf-skin wallet, the brass buttons on his coat have been scoured up for the occasion, and he means to see the thing through, if it takes all night and costs him ten shillings.



Walking along to the highway, he begins to think of Lexington, Boston Harbor, Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, and his pulses beat faster. His father shouldered a flint-lock and his mother prepared lint, and our old man feels that he is the son of a patriot, if not the son of a gun.

He remembers how the Britishers kept his parents awake nights, and prevented them from going to donations and excursions for seven long years, and he gets mad and wants to lick some one or somebody.

Meeting a man bound the other way, and discovering a foreign look about him, our old man drops his cane, spits on his aged mauleys and sails in.



He sails in.

and well licked at that.

The traveller at first regards the old hero with amazement, but quickly calling to mind the saying that "it's a poor traveller who can't make his own road," he removes the bundle from his shoulder, and comes up to the scratch smiling. The conflict doesn't last over a minute and a half before our old hero gets three or four shots below the water-line, his main-mast goes by the board, the enemy mount the parapet with a hurrah! and he sails out — licked by a blasted foreigner,



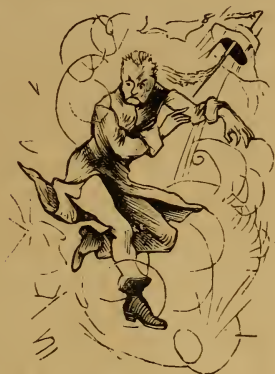
He sails out.

worth a million dollars apiece.

He continues on his way, after a halt to make repairs, and his patriotic pulses don't bound again until he enters the Quaker city. The glorious day has dawned at last and the city is in an uproar. Our old man forgets all about his encounter on the high seas, swings his hat and hurrahs with the rest, and kindly volunteers to hold the loaded end of a sky-rocket which some boys are just ready to send aloft. The effect is all that could have been expected under the circumstances, but the boys couldn't induce the old hero to do so any more if they were

After the doctors have patched him up, our old man starts for the Centennial buildings. The vehicle is somewhat crowded, but it is a time when everyone is expected to patiently endure all inconveniences for the sake of liberty. He was quite a portly old man when entering the car, and is surprised, on getting out, to find how the squeeze has affected

him. His height has been increased nearly three feet, and the fact is plainly apparent to him that his prospects have gone up. He rather enjoys his position, however, believing that he can more certainly get his money's worth.



A volunteer.

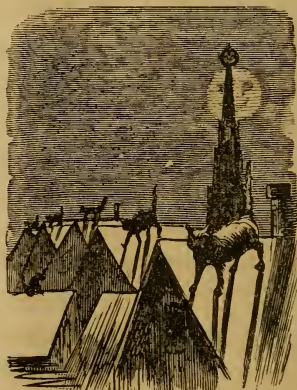


Result of the squeeze.

While crowding toward the main entrance of the exhibition buildings a meek-looking boy offers to take him in by a private route. The old hero submits to be taken in, and the boy conducts him around the cor-



The pressed.



Old-fashioned music.

ner, down an alley, and into the office of the "head man" of the whole show.

The head man warmly greets him, asks him to take a few swallows of

some Bourbon captured from the British one hundred years before, and the old man proceeds to comply, solely because of his patriotic principles. Soon after imbibing the prize-liquid he begins to feel good all over and emphatically declares that all he asks for is to live long enough to see England pitch in to this country again.

He looks around for relics, and is shown the club with which George Washington killed captain Cook, a decanter which Martin Luther used to take to the hay-field, and a premium chromo which Benjamin Franklin gave out to his newspaper subscribers. He becomes sleepy about this time, and the "head man" and the club and the decanter become, somewhat mixed up to his vision. He sits down and inquires after the



Taken up.



Out all night.

bowie-knife once carried by Marie Antoinette, and the wolf's den which General Putnam entered, but he falls asleep before they are brought out, and when he recovers his senses it is night and he finds himself in the alley, owing to the careless manner in which some barrels of salt had been left, they have rolled against him from either way and change his shape again. Instead of being nine feet high he is only three, with proportionate breadth of beam.

After receiving an introduction to himself and becoming somewhat acquainted he finds his ducats missing, his aged locks full of oyster cans and brickbats, his venerable whiskers gone, and his general health un-

der the weather. He strikes out for the street, his steps accompanied by old-fashioned music, and leaves the alley just in time to encounter Prof. Wise's Easterly Current, which has escaped from its cage in the exhibition buildings and is on a tear.

Our old hero is taken up, along with a well-selected assortment of other things, and just as he begins in the Professor's theory he is dropped in his own door-yard. Owing to circumstances over which he has no control he remains in the yard all night, and the sleeping family are not aroused to let him in. His presence being ascertained next-day forenoon it is decided not to disturb him, especially as he had come down on a division line, and will answer for a landmark.

And thus have we made it clear even to a Chinaman, that no tyrant can ever place his iron heel on a full-born American patriot.



ROUSING A BOY.

THE average boy, when the frosty nights and cool mornings arrive, clings to the bed like tar to cotton, utterly ignoring the fact that he is depended on to light the fire on the family hearth-stone. The old gent turns over in bed about sunrise, and calls out, —

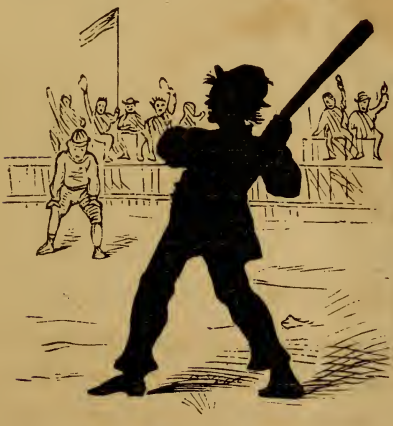
“Solomon, it's six o'clock!”

Boy dreams of chasing a rabbit into a hollow log, and while he is hunting around for an ax the old man calls out —

“Come, Solomon!”



Boy's dream changes, and he thinks he is husking corn to get money to go to Dan Rice's circus. He is making the ears fly when the old man rips out, —



“Sol-o-mon Spring-brook!”

Boy moves uneasily, and dreams that he is playing base-ball, and he sees a crowd of admiring spectators seated on the top rails of the fences.

"If that boy don't 'rouse I'll make him think he's sent for!" mutters the old man, as he looks at the clock; and then sitting up in bed he shouts,—

"Oh, Sol! Oh, Sol!"

The boy dreams that he is loafing around the Opera House door, and boring people for "checks," and he is about to get one when the old



man slips up, pulls the quilts off, and hammers away at him with the hair brush, and chuckles,—

"There! I guess you won't want me to wake you up more than fourteen times more!"

As the boy pulls on his pants and gets into his vest, he mentally declares that he'll run away that very day and become a pirate.

THE NEW YEAR.

Once more the whirligig of time has yanked an old year out and a new one in.

Glad on't.

If there is anything lonesome and monotonous it is last year. The old year had a few charms, but the new one promises to give them half a mile the start and then go under the string first.

And yet one feels a trifle sad to part with the old year, when he comes to think it over. As memory's bob-tail car pulls us down the long lane of the past, one looks out of the window at the well-remembered objects of former days, and his heart saddens.

Where's the fat girl who rested her head on your bosom when the old year was new? Gone — yes gone — slid out to take charge of the snake-cage in a travelling museum of natural wonders, and your wounded heart sorrowfully but vainly calls, —

“Come back, fat girl — come back!”

Where's the alligator boots which sat around the festive board last New Years Day? Where's the silk umbrella you left on the door-step that morning?

Where's the ton of coal and the jar of country butter you laid in about that time? Where's the plumber who agreed to “come right up” and thaw that water-pipe out? The sad wind sighing through the treeless leaves solemnly puckers its mouth and sadly answers, —

“Gone up!”

One by one they have fallen beside the curbstone of life's dreary highway, have been wept over and almost forgotten, while you and I have have been spared to put up stoves another time, and to have the landlord raise the rent on us — drat him! It makes one feel sad — especially the rent business.

Farewell, old year! If you go West to grow up with the country, or go South to run a steamboat, we hope you'll be honest, seek respectable company, and make your daily life a striking example for, and a terrible warning to, the man who goes around playing the string-game on unsuspecting people.

Welcome, New Year! Howdy? If convenient, give us some new clothes, a few thousand in cash, and a race-horse, and prove by your actions that you mean to do the right thing by a fellow. Give us some strawberry weather this month, wollop the pesky Indians into behaving themselves, and make it uncomfortable for grasshoppers and potato-bugs. Be around with some decent weather when a fellow wants to go fishing, and let 'er

rain to kill when the women go out to exhibit their new bonnets. Do the fair thing by all of us, including New Jersey, and we won't stand by and see you abused.



THE HUNDREDTH YEAR.

M. QUAD'S STUMP SPEECH.

THE year 1876 is a big knot on the log. This American nation is a plump hundred years old this year; and every son of a gun is entitled to wear his hat on his ear.

A hundred years ago King George picked up the boot-jack and said he guessed he could bring that Yankee son of his out of his tantrums. He tried it on, and he didn't have a good night's rest for seven years.

A hundred years ago this country was little better than a wilderness. Now we have just as big kerosene lamp explosions as any country on earth.

“'Rah! 'Rah!”

A hundred years ago the sad-eyed wolf took his walks, for exercise, where now the roofs and spires of great cities may be seen.

A hundred years ago there wasn't a steamboat on the lakes, nor a locomotive on wheels. Now a person can buy a full set of jewelry at any dollar store, for seventy-five cents.

“Hip! 'Rah!”

A hundred years ago there wasn't a suspension bridge, canal, gas-works, water-works, paved street, mowing machine, reaper, stove or sewing machine in America. To-day we can look around us and find a lawyer on every corner, and go out almost any afternoon and witness a game of base-ball.

"R-r-r-r-ah !"

The future of this country no man can predict. She'll keep right on tearing up the soil, whacking down the forests, digging under mountains, and bridging rivers, and by-and-by the Sandwich Islands will go home cross lots, rather than come around the corner and knock the chip off our shoulder.

"Houray for us !"

SET HIM BACK. — Going home a few evenings since, a resident of Cass street heard the voice of a boy in a stable, and looking through a broken window he saw a lad about ten years old, reading from a book to a group composed of half a dozen boys of about the same age.

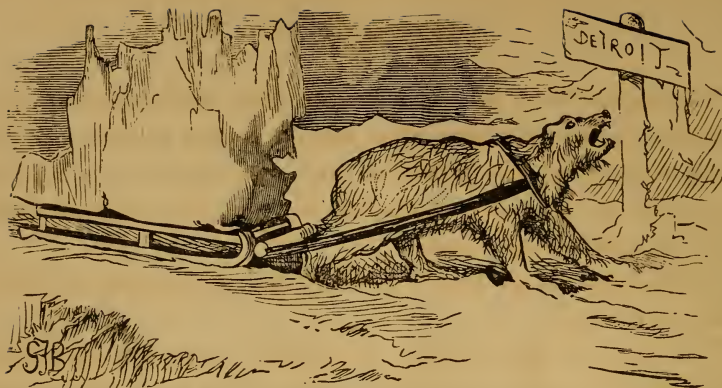
"Now isn't this nice !" chuckled the gentleman to himself ; "these boys, crowded out of school, are still determined to secure an education."

He took another look through the window, and then placed his ear to the broken pane and heard the boy read :

"If the person who deals makes a misdeal, the cards may lie on the table only by the consent of all — "

"Grashus !" exclaimed the citizen, as he sprang from the window, "that boy's reading from Hoyle !"

A Missourian who attended prayer-meeting with his daughter felt compelled to rise up and remark : "I want to be good and go to heaven, but if those fellers don't stop winking at Mary. there will be a good deal of prancing around here the fust thing they know !"



First Month.

JANUARY.

31 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>		2	9	16	23	30
<i>Monday</i>		3	10	17	24	31
<i>Tuesday</i>		4	11	18	25	
<i>Wednesday</i>		5	12	19	26	
<i>Thursday</i>		6	13	20	27	
<i>Friday</i>		7	14	21	28	
<i>Saturday</i>	1	8	15	22	29	

No eclipse in this month worth mentioning.

Doubtabilities.—From 1st to 5th, good time to go huckleberrying. Whisky will cure snake-bites whether the snake bite or run.

5th to 10th. — Be kind to thy sister. Don't cheat at marbles. Good time for getting ready to go to Africa. Propitious season for subscribing to newspapers.

10th to 20th. — Thunder! You'll say so if you happen to sit down on a buzz-saw. Commence working your mother-in-law out doors. Hook your wood at night.

20th to 31st. — Wash your sheep and hang them out when a drying day comes. Finish working the mother-in-law, and hope she'll come again. Go over to the dog-fight. Good time to kill assessors.

When Maria Brown, of La Crosse died, she had but one regret. She had lived with Brown twenty-four years and never had a bureau with drop-handles on it.

"Thar' lays a man who'd give his last chaw of terbacker to a starvin' stranger, and then pay him for spitting," was the eulogy pronounced on William Hart, of Tennessee.

"CASTOR ILE." — A policeman passing along Macomb street yesterday halted in front of a house which had two broken windows, and sticking his head through one of them he saw a man seated on a chair with his head bound up, other chairs broken to pieces, and the room looking as if a big row had taken place.

"What's been the row here?" he asked of a woman who sat holding a baby on her lap.

"You see that man there?" she replied; "well, he's my husband. The baby's sick, and he said give her castor ile, and I said goose grease."

NIGHT EXPRESSIONS.—When a policeman, sauntering by a house at midnight, hears the owner jump out of bed, shake the coal stove down, and then pass over the cold oil-cloth in the dining-room, out through the kitchen and into the back end of the shed for a scuttle of coal, the officer hurries off around the corner so as not to be within hearing distance of the man's expression of feelings over the hired girl's neglect of plainest duty.

KNEW WHAT THE PAPERS WOULD SAY.—As a citizen was passing along Griswold street yesterday, his wallet fell to the ground, and a boy picked it up and ran after him. The man opened the wallet, and then handing it to the lad he said,—

"There isn't but forty cents in it, and if you'll come down to the office I'll give you whatever more is right. I know what the papers would say if they heard I didn't pay you for being honest, and I don't want 'em after me."

TROUBLE AHEAD.—A boy about twelve years old entered a Michigan avenue barber shop yesterday and asked the barber to cut his hair down close. The barber enquired if he wasn't afraid of catching cold, when the boy replied,—

"I've got to run the chances, for there's trouble ahead. To-morrow is the day sot for me and a Sixth Ward boy to meet over behind Goodhue's barn and see who's the boss boy of Detroit; and he's powerful at pulling hair. Cut 'er right down to the skulp!"

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.— You can't always believe what a man says, any more than you can judge of his heart by the clothing he wears. The other night a policeman in the east end grabbed a negro who came running down a street at full speed, panting like a wind-broken horse, and the officer wanted to know why and wherefore the colored man was dusting around in that lively style at midnight's solemn hour.

"Wife's sick — gwine for the doctor!" gasped the man.

"Where do you live?"

"Lemme go — can't stop — she's mos' dead!" was the answer, yet in spite of this the officer pushed the African up against the fence, and a search brought to light two chickens, a clothes-line, a hatchet and a pair of boots, the same the property of some other man.

DEAD SILENCE.— A man about two-thirds drunk, was riding on a Fort street car yesterday, and he hadn't yet unbosomed himself when a nice-looking young man, highly scented, entered the car and took a seat opposite the inebriate. The perfume floated over, and the man snuffed and turned his head this way and that. He finally got his eyes on the young man, and pointing his finger at him inquired,—

"Y-young man — d-do your f-feet smell — smell that way all the t-time?" There was dead silence in the car.

CORRECT BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.— He was yelling "Black yer butes!" in front of the post office yesterday, and chewing away at a monstrous quid of gum, when another boy came along and screamed,—

"Say, Bill, s'posen ye let me chaw that for awhile, I'll give 'er back termorrer."

"All right — give me a receipt."

"What fur?"

"What fur! Why, s'posen ye happened to die to-night and I hadn't anything to show, how'd I ever git this gum back?"

The footprints of a Chicago lady on the prairie, near Michigan City got a crowd of men out to hunt for a stray elephant.

The elephants in India are now holding indignation meetings, in self-defence, against this slander upon the gracefulness of elephantine pedal mud-pressers.

AMONG the more reliable of the new household recipes, we find this,—

To remove dandruff — Go out on the plains and insult an Indian.

THE NEW WEATHER REPORTS.

THE fond mother is anxiously waiting the time when the Signal Service Bureau shall also keep track of disease and telegraph along the line what sort of sickness may be expected on the morrow. If the Bureau gets the matter down as fine as it has the weather, the dispatches will prove invaluable to every head of a family. When the morning paper is left on the step the mother will turn to "Sickness Dispatches," and read,—

CHEYENNE, 14th.—Measles passed here this morning, going east at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. Don't let your children smell of anybody's breath.

OMAHA, 14th.—Pulse stands at 84; Omaha slightly hectic, but digestion good, and slept well last night; tongue slightly coated; but the lake regions will probably escape.

MILWAUKEE, 14th.—Rheumatism settling over the lower lake regions; expect flying pains in the back and knees; get trusted for new boots.

PIKE'S PEAK, 14th.—Whooping cough turning somersaults over the signal station; get ready to whoop; gas works open from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Also indications of stratum of bilious colic; will center somewhere in Illinois.

CHICAGO, 14th.—In the Upper Mississippi and Lower Missouri valleys expect the toothache and a good deal of cussin' around. Good time to argue political questions and make up old feuds.

NEW YORK, 14th.—Lame leg and chills predicted for the New England States, with gripes and such in the Adirondack region. Don't go huckleberrying.

SAVANNAH, 14th.—Rush of blood to the head is predicted for the Gulf States, with occasional rushes for the camphor-bottle. May clear

up after noon and dropsy set in. Use Fitznoodle's pills for all dropsical complaints. They cure like magic. Only twenty-five cents per box ; for sale at all respectable drug stores.

CINCINNATI, 14th.—Slight convulsions along the Ohio ; look out for the jaundice ; seems to be making south from here. Sage tea has advanced to a dollar per pound ; beware of the dog ; liberal discount to editors and clergymen.

MEMPHIS, 14th.—Palpitation of the heart is predicted for this region, but she'll get over it ; a disposition to lie in bed until the old man builds the fire will also be apparent, good day for shooting your brother-in-law.

WASHINGTON, 14th.—The old Harry's to pay all over the country, and no pitch hot ! Old pioneers who can thread a needle without the aid of spectacles, are going to be knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite to-morrow ! Bad day for comic lecturers ; keep fat meat away from the children ; telegraph your mother-in-law not to come ; if it clears off before noon expect nervous prostration and no supper ready.

AN ECONOMICAL BOY.—A Detroit mother sent her boy to the store the other day to get her a linen dress, and he returned with fourteen yards of black cambric.

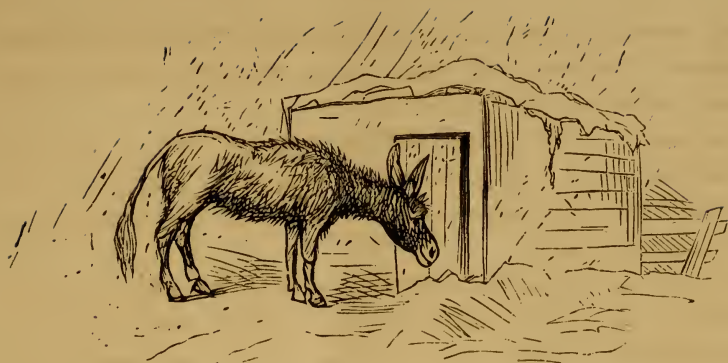
"I told you to get linen !" she exclaimed, standing aghast.

"I know it, but this is cheaper, and the clerk said that if any of us should happen to die you'd have a mourning dress in the house !" was the cool reply.

THE ALTERNATIVE.—An old man was leading a dog along Griswold street yesterday, when a boot-black took a fancy to the canine, and wanted to purchase him.

"Oh, you couldn't raise a dollar," replied the man, starting on.

"I couldn't, eh?" yelled the boy ; "well, you just wait. There's a ten thousand dollar feller over here who is engaged to my sister, and if I ask for scrip he's got to come down or I'll bust that match higher'n a liberty pole !"



Second Month.

FEBRUARY.

29 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>		6	13	20	27
<i>Monday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Tuesday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Wednesday</i>	2	9	16	23	
<i>Thursday</i>	3	10	17	24	
<i>Friday</i>	4	11	18	25	
<i>Saturday</i>	5	12	19	26	

A good deal of snow which should have fallen several years ago will come now.

One eclipse this month, visible only in Siberia. For particulars, see small bills.

DOUBTABILITIES.—1st, 2nd and 3rd will be springy days. You will want to spring behind the stove.

4th to 9th.—Balmy, with four feet of snow to back it. Good weather for cross-eyed cats.

9th to 16th.—Lower Lake regions all O. K. Just the season for shipping old clothes to your relatives.

16th to 25th.—Look out for lightning. Get out your white pants and see if they want patching. Go and see your girl. Good time to propose to a schoolma'am.

25th to 28th.—Hurricanes in the Sandwich Islands. Rumors now of the failure of the peach-crop. Good season for sliding down hill on a shingle. Hitching-posts begin to put on a spring look.

"I'm going where I won't have to cook beans!" was the farewell sentence of an Ohio woman who left this vale of tears a few days since.

The first thing a Vermont girl does, when old enough to have a beau,

is to poison the family watch-dog. She knows the cause of there being so many single women in the Eastern States.

Twelve bald-headed men were drawn on a jury at Cairo, and the judge refused to go on with the case until six of them were replaced by good and true men. He said that his court-room couldn't be made a circus of, no how.

A PROMPT MAN.—Yesterday, as a negro was painting his house on Watson street, and was nearly at the top of a long ladder, his wife came out and called to him to come down. Just at that moment a rung broke and the man came down like a bag of sand, rolled over two or three times, jumped up and said,—

“Well, honey, go on wid your remarks!”

NOT PARTICULAR.—A wild-eyed man, carrying his hat in his hand, entered the Lake Shore depot yesterday, and called out to a man who was wheeling a baggage truck along,—

“Where's the train?”

What train?”

“Any train—any train! My wife isn't ten rods behind; and she's got an ax-handle over her shoulder, and sulphur in her eyes!”

The other day Justice Potter was called upon to marry a couple on Fort street east, and he was asking the bridegroom,—

“You promise to love, cherish, etc.,” when the young man blurted out,—

“See here! I want a fair understanding about this thing. Does that mean that I've got to take care of her whole family, or only herself?”

His Honor explained, and the young man continued,—

“Well, go ahead. I only wanted to know how much of the family I was marrying.”

SLIGHTLY ALTERED.—While a man was guzzling drink in a Larned street saloon yesterday, a little ragged girl entered, and sought him out,

and instead of requesting him to come home, dear father, as poor brother Benny was dead, and the house was all dark, she whispered,—

“Now, old man, you’d better be dusting out o’ here. Mam’s coming around the corner with a club in her hand and both eyes shooting fire!”

WAS WAITING. — A stranger was Saturday making some inquiries of a policeman in regard to the price of real estate in the city, having about made up his mind to settle here. He had on such a fearful dirty shirt that the officer was forced to remark about it, when the man replied,—
“Well, I’ve kinder been waiting to see whether I should buy or not, and as soon as I can make up my mind about it I’m going to put on a clean one.”

HE WOULD TRY IT. — A man about fifty years old, living in Bedford Township, called at the office of the Mutual Gas Company the other day, having a two-quart pail in his hand, and he asked: “Is this where they sell gas?” “Yes, sir, we can furnish you gas,” replied the clerk. “Well,” said the old man, as he pulled the cover off his pail, “I’ve heard a good deal about gas, and my wife’s heard a good deal about gas, and I’ll take two quarts along and try it. How much is it a quart?” When he was informed that gas was a vapor, and the method of burning it was explained, he sighed and said: “Hannah will be awfully disappointed.”

WANTED IT TO COUNT. — Yesterday a half-drunken fellow, armed with a club, came out of a saloon on Jefferson avenue, and as he brandished his weapon around he yelled,—

“I’m a-going to kill some one!”

An elderly man, who looked as if he had experienced a good deal of suffering, halted and asked,—

“Have you any particular choice whom you kill?”

“No, sir—find me some one!” was the answer.

“Well, I don’t encourage murder,” continued the oldish man, “but if you must kill some one, I hope you’ll knock over a tar and gravel roofer that promised to roof my house before that last shower!”

HE PAUSED THERE. — A man took a seat on the head of an empty flour barrel on Michigan Grand avenue, Saturday, and remarked: "I



got down the gun and loaded her up heavy, and just as I was ——" At this point the head fell in, and the man, or about half of him, disappeared, while his legs loomed up like schooners' masts. He was helped



out and a boy hired to rub sweet oil on his back, but in spite of the earnest entreaties of the crowd, he would not go on with the story.

HE KNEW HOW. — At an auction of household goods on Harrison avenue yesterday, when a woman made a bid on an old bureau worth about two dollars, a boy slipped around to another woman and whispered,—

“ You see that woman over there with a blue bow on ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, she says that no woman with a red nose can buy anything at this sale ! ”

The woman with the red nose pushed her way into the crowd and run the price of the bureau up to \$12, and as it was knocked down to her she remarked, —

“ I may have a red nose, but no cross-eyed woman with a blue bow on can bluff me ! ”

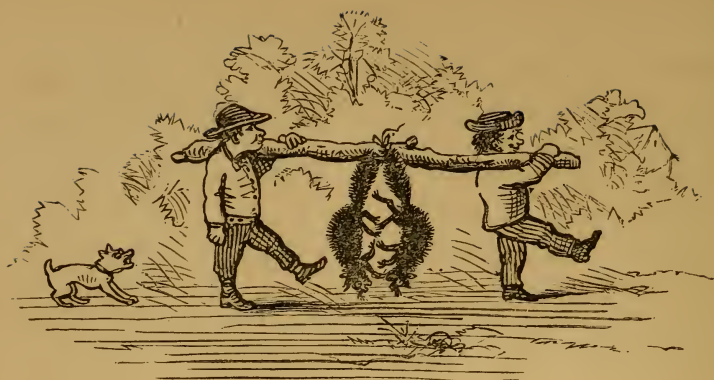
As they entered a dry goods store you would have said that love dwelt in both hearts, and that a dove of peace roosted on every shingle on the roof of their abiding place. She saw a lovely dress, and she begged him to buy, but he replied : “ I can’t, darling, not before next week.” “ Can’t you, dear ? ” she smiled. “ Well, I will wait.” They had hardly passed out the door before he said,— “ I’d like to see myself getting that dress ! ” And she answered,— “ You couldn’t buy one side of it, and if you could, you are too stingy and mean to do it ! ”

TALK about stamina in female character ! But there is a mother in Detroit who will sit on the corner of the bureau and read a dime novel half through before she becomes aware that her baby has been howling for thirty-five minutes.

OLD AGE IS EVER INNOCENT. — “ I declare, Joseph,” sighed a Detroit mother, as she sat putting on a patch on young Joseph’s pants, “ they must have awful hard seats in school. This is the fourth time I’ve had to patch these pants in two weeks.”

“ They have, mother,” he promptly replied ; “ just tears a boy all to pieces.”

(The old lady ought to see him riding down hill on a shingle, with the American flag sticking up alongside his ear.)



Third Month.

MARCH.

31 Days.

Sunday		5	12	19	26
Monday		6	13	20	27
Tuesday		7	14	21	28
Wednesday	1	8	15	22	29
Thursday	2	9	16	23	30
Friday	3	10	17	24	31
Saturday	4	11	18	25	

JOHN SMITH was born this month. High and low winds — no one but blind men allowed to stand on the corners.

PALM trees in Africa begin palm-leaf out.

DOUBTABILITIES — 1st to 5th — Simoons ; let 'em sigh.

5th to 10th — The bed-bug begins to come out of his winter lair. Get your pizen ready to lair-rup him.

10th to 19th — Don't go blackberrying with white pants on. Regular season for newspaper attacks on Dr. May Walker.

19th to 27th — Clear — clear out of coal and preserves. Preserve your equanimity. Oyster cans and old bottles in the back-yard begin to sprout.

27th to 31st — Don't amount to shucks, and are a useless expense. Rent begins to fall due ; due unto your landlord.

JUST think, if you swear off using tobacco and wearing clothes after the first of January, you can save \$5 per week at least, and \$5 per week for 1,000 years is \$260,000.

HE WOULDN'T STEAL. — Saturday morning a policeman observed a boy skulking along Congress street with an ax on his shoulder, and he hailed him with, —

“Here, young man! where did you steal that ax?”

“Nowhere, sir — I wouldn't steal for all the world.”

“But I believe you hooked this ax somewhere.”

“No, sir, I didn't — my brother Tom stole it, and I'm taking it home for him!”

NOTHING SERIOUS MEANT. — In one of the omnibuses coming up from the depot yesterday, a good-looking young man happened to be seated near a good-looking young lady. He handed up her bundles, drew the robes over her, and was otherwise attentive. The ventilator was open, and as he felt a strong draft of air coming in, he started to say: “I propose that some one shut that ventilator,” but he had only got as far as “I propose —” when the young lady blushed and whispered, — “Why, I don't even know your name yet!”

MORE DOWN THERE. — A young man of twenty was buying some fruit at a stand on Jefferson avenue yesterday when several persons gathered around to look at his feet, which were truly monstrous in size. A man asked him if they were not deformed, or crippled, or something, when he lifted one of them up and asked, —

“Do you call that a big foot?”

“Great shiners! but it's an awful foot!”

“Well, if you call that big, I wish you'd come down to the depot and see the rest of the family — see some reg'lar feet!” said the young man as he paid for his purchase.

HE KNOWS. — A Michigan Avenue druggist has studied human nature to some purpose. When a woman enters his store, and hesitatingly asks after some corrosive sublimate, “to poison rats with,” he replies, —

“Yes, 'um. Be careful and not inhale it, and if you apply thoroughly the bugs won't need a second dose.”

No human being can cut a pie into six pieces and convince six children that one of their number hasn't got a piece just a trifle the largest.

SHE DIDN'T. — Yesterday when two ferry boats came near having a collision in mid-stream some one called out that a lady on one of the boats was going to faint.

"Where is she?" shouted the captain, rushing up stairs.

"Here — here!" called a woman who was supporting the terrified one.

"Well, she can faint if she wants to — her fare is paid," replied the captain as he walked away.

Then she got mad and wouldn't.

MRS. ROSE, of Connecticut, said she would hang herself if Rose wasn't home at eight o'clock. When he came in at nine she was suspended to a beam, cold and dead, and he rubbed his hands and whispered, "There's a woman who couldn't tell a lie!"

THEY HADN'T ANY. — A motherly old lady, travelling alone, was eating dinner at one of the hotels yesterday, when she called out to the waiter:

"Say, have you any cow-cumbers cut up in vinegar?"

"No, ma'am we haven't," answered the waiter.

"Wall, it's just about as well," remarked the old lady; "I s'pose they'd give me the colic if I ate any."

ALL MIXED UP. — A little old man from Canada, who was yesterday waiting at the Grand Trunk depot for a train, asked several passengers what time the train left, and as no one could tell he walked over to a time-table to see for himself. After looking at it for a good while he was heard saying,—

"Mail arrives at 6 P. M.; éxpress at 9 A. M.; mail departs at 2:35 P. M.; close connection made with the 3 o'clock train east over the Great Western. Well, if this 'ere travelling hain't about as mixed up a mess as huckleberries and milk."



Fourth Month.

APRIL.

30 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>		2	9	16	23	30
<i>Monday</i>		3	10	17	24	
<i>Tuesday</i>		4	11	18	25	
<i>Wednesday</i>		5	12	19	26	
<i>Thursday</i>		6	13	20	27	
<i>Friday</i>		7	14	21	28	
<i>Saturday</i>	1	8	15	22	29	

GOOD time to dig wells;
also to dig crib.

CHARTER elections out
West this month — 'rah fr
Johnson! We'll elect our
constable or bust this coun-
try.

GEESE begin to mate — not mate-erial whether they are married in
church or by a Justice.

MOST time for your mother-in-law to return.

PARTIAL eclipse this month — can be seen from the bridge.

DOUBTABILITIES — 1st to 1st and a half — oooo. From thence to the
7th more yet.

7th to 13th — Regular April weather, weather you like it or not.

13th to 20th — Clams now sing their sad melodies along the banks of
the Erie Canal.

20th to 25th — Nevada papers begin to lie about the number of wild
geese a man can shoot in that State before breakfast.

25th to 30th — Get out your steamboat and prepare to sail the raging
main.

THIS month might have had 31 days if any one had spoken up in time.

WILL the young men of America permit a red-headed Englishman to win the hand of Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands?

THIS world would be a sandy desert of lonesomeness if women were not privileged to attend auction sales and pay more for an old bureau than a new chamber set would cost.

SUNDAY schools deserve to flourish and multiply, but when a Rhode Island man has to break his son's ribs to make him attend, something's wrong somewhere.

JUST AS MAD. — A finely-dressed lady slipped and fell near the post-office yesterday, and the boot-black who assisted her to her feet inquired: "Did you break any bones, madam?" "No I guess not," she replied, "but I'm just as mad as if I had broken a dozen of 'em!"

PROMOTED. — A boy who had served in a Grand River avenue grocery store for two weeks came home highly elated the other night and told his father he had been promoted.

"How?" asked the old man.

"Why, I've been down cellar all the time sorting over potatoes, and now they've raised me upstairs to pick over beans!"

HAD A BET. — An aged colored individual stepped into a store on Woodward Avenue, Saturday, and asked how the thermometer stood.

"A hundred and forty-nine degrees below zero!" replied one of the clerks.

"Is dat a fax?" exclaimed the old man; "den I've lost two dollars. I jist made a bet it war a hundred an' fifty!"

WON'T FIND HIM. — An individual who had to step very high to avoid the floor yesterday entered the Central Station, and securing a firm hold of the railing in front of the desk he inquired of the sergeant,—

"H-has anybody f-fouud Charles Ross yet?"

"Not that I've heard of," was the reply.

"D-do you w-want me to find h-him?"

"Yes, or I'd like to find him myself."

"Well, zur, give me a bouncing old d-drink of whisky and I'll f-find him!"

"Ah! I see — you are a dead beat and half drunk now," replied the sergeant.

"Then you won't give me a d-drink?"

"No, sir, I won't."

"Very well, then," said the man, waving his hand and turning away, "then I w-won't find Charles Ross!"

ALL the axes and bucksaws found in the ruins of Pompeii are of light make, as if constructed for women's use. Those old ancients knew their little business.

CHARITABLE. — Yesterday morning as a blind fiddler was sawing away on the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues, a stranger hailing from Ohio halted before him and said, —

"Are you blind?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can't see anything?"

"Not a thing."

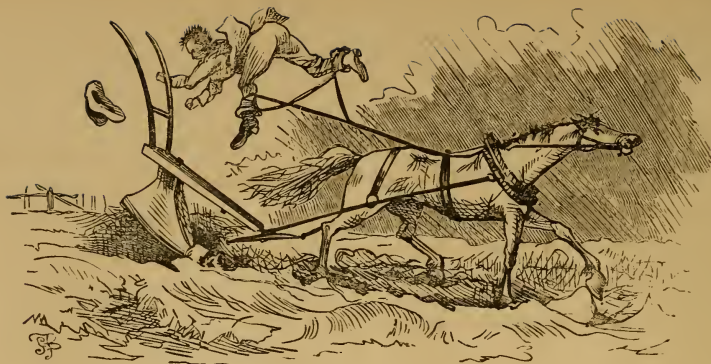
"Not even a house?"

"No, sir."

"Poor man, I'm sorry for you. I don't suppose you make half a dollar a day at fiddling, and if you were only down where I live I'd get you a job driving team or working on the cars!"

"WHAT is worse than to have your mother-in-law plump in on to you at this season?" asks the St. Louis Republican. Nothing, young man, except to have your father-in-law plump in with her.

AN American woman, travelling in the Holy Land, didn't see but one thing to remind her of home, and that was a hog roving in a garden. It made her homesick right away.



Fifth Month.

MAY.

31 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>			7	14	21	28
<i>Monday</i>		1	8	15	22	29
<i>Tuesday</i>		2	9	16	23	30
<i>Wednesday</i>		3	10	17	24	31
<i>Thursday</i>		4	11	18	25	
<i>Friday</i>		5	12	19	26	
<i>Saturday</i>		6	13	20	27	

CENTENNIAL now begins.

— Whoop !

1 earthquake this month

— send in your orders early.

ALLIGATORS down toward

New Orleans, and old maids

up in Maine, begin to feel

hungry for a man.

DOUBTABILITIES.—1st to 2nd—get on your arctic overshoes and furs, and go out and be Queen of the May.

3d to 7th—Cold in the head. Also, cold in Greenland. Hard weather on the ambitious sunflower.

7th to 16th — Good time to sweep out and make up the beds and get ready for spring. The ivy begins to climb, so do the vagrants brought before His Honor.

16th to 21st — Daniel Boone was born around here somewhere. Lamp-posts begin to bud out, and the boxes around corner-stores seem endowed with life. The happy birds are now ready to receive sealed proposals for the erection of nésts. Right reserved to reject any or all bids.

21st to 31st — Take down your stoves ; put 'em up again. Mother-in-law arrives.

WANTED AN INCREASE. — A wholesale house in Detroit has a colored porter who is much given to exaggeration and downright lying, but being willing and industrious his failing has been overlooked. The other day, however, he lied about the shipment of a box, and the chief clerk called him up and said, —

“See here, Tom, you are a great liar.”

“Yes, sah,” respectfully replied the porter.

“And the truth is not in you.”

“No, sah.”

“You would rather lie than tell the truth.”

“I specks so, sah.”

“Well, Thomas, I’ve concluded not to put up with your pernicious habit any longer. The next time I catch you in a lie you’ll have to travel.”

“Yes, sah.”

“But I want to know if you intend to reform — if you mean to stop lying?”

“I dunno, boss.”

“Won’t you promise?”

“Well, de fax am, I’m working here at powerful low wages,” answered Thomas, scratching his head, “and I don’t believe I shall stop lyin’ till de cashier performs me dat de wages hez been riz!”

He is there yet on the old salary, and his morals haven’t improved any

YOU CAN’T ALWAYS TELL. — It was a handsome looking cottage, and the passer-by would have said to himself that the angel of bliss and the dove of peace swung on the door-knobs and turned handsprings through every room. And yet, yesterday noon a man’s voice was heard calling out, —

“Jane, oh! Jane — them pertaters hez biled dry! Come in here! blast ye, come in!”

And she was heard replying, —

“Git up ’n take the kettle off, you old noodle-head, and don’t blast me or I’ll break another rib for ye!”

SAVING UP LUCRE.—“There,” said a Detroit father to his son, “there are two cents. Start a savings’ bank with it to-day, and I’ll give you another two cents to-morrow.”

The boy handled the money awhile, and his countenance was illuminated by a sweet smile, as he replied,—

“I guess I’ll buy gum with the two cents and start the bank on the two cents to-morrow!”

WHERE WAS IT?—A boy aged about sixteen stepped into a Griswold street barber-shop Saturday, and took a seat with the remark,—

“I guess I’ll have this mustache shaved off.”

The barber shook out the apron, sharpened his razor, mixed the lather, and as he stood beside the chair, he said,—

“Well, I’m ready any time you can tell me where the mustache is.”

CAN’T BE CAUGHT AGAIN.—One of the Chinese washermen on Larned street West, has been in the habit of begging candy of a grocer’s clerk on the same street, and has been a great bore. The other day the clerk filled a gum-drop with cayenne pepper and it was handed to “John” with three or four others. He went home to eat them, and some boys who followed him, heard coughs and yells in the laundry, followed by a fall over a chair, and the Chinaman jumped out-doors, mouth wide open, and sat down where the whistling breeze could blow into it and cool off the young Vesuvius.

GETTING EVEN.—The other day an old fellow from Delaware, going West on a Michigan Central train, stepped off the coach as it reached Ypsilanti, and slipping on the icy platform, went flat down and broke a leg. Everybody sympathized with him in his misfortune, but he waved his hand, and replied,—

“It’s all right—no one to blame but myself. My old woman was laid up for two years, and now I’ve got a chance to get even with her. If she don’t have to do some tall dusting around and sitting up nights, then my name isn’t Jordan!”

THE MAN WHO SWORE OFF.—He had been in the habit of taking three or four “nips” per day, for the last fifteen years, but on New Year’s morning he arose and said to his wife,—

“Mary Jane Shiner, here I’ve been squandering a dollar per week for more than a dozen years!”

“But I thought you said a glass now and then aided your digestion,” she replied.

“All fudge and nonsense,” he continued; “that was only an excuse to satisfy my own conscience.

“And I’ve heard you say that it made you sleep better — helped you to have a clear head,” she said.

“Nonsense — worst kind of bosh! I’ve drank up \$800 in the last dozen years, and it hasn’t benefited me one cent.”

“Well!”

“Well, I’m going to quit. I’m going to commence now. No more drinks for Shiner after this!”

“Good boy — noble husband,” she said, patting him on the chin; “now you begin to talk like a Roman — now you are going to test your stamina!”

Shiner felt puffed up with pride for an hour or two, and then began to feel a goneness along down his throat. He drank water, cold coffee and milk, and got through with the day; although when he went to bed he dreamed that he was a flask of brandy and that a member of Congress was carrying him in his coat-tail pocket. At midnight he awoke with his thumb in his mouth, just on the point of taking a ten cent drink, and at daylight he inquired of his wife whether it was the year 1875 or 1876.

That forenoon while he sat in his office, a meek-looking stranger entered, took a paper from his pocket, and said that he was soliciting aid for the Kansas grasshopper sufferers.

“Grasshoppers be hanged!” exclaimed Shiner. “The next fraud who comes in here will get his neck broken!”

His chief clerk spoke to him about ordering some goods, and he whirled around and said he wouldn’t order another dollar’s worth of

goods in ten years. A young man called to secure a place, and Shiner threw the coal-stove shaker and hit him on the ear.

When he went to dinner he flattered himself a little that he had succeeded in curbing his inclination to drink, and his wife patted him on the shoulder and whispered, —

“Samuel, you have got more stamina in you than the Czar of Russia!”

Going down town again, he entered a saloon and asked the saloon-keeper if he honestly thought that a moderate amount of brandy would affect the health. The saloon-keeper was sure it wouldn't. The bottles looked good to Shiner, and there was a pleasant smell as he leaned over the bar.

When he reached his office he kicked a chair over, hoisted a spittoon across the room, and sat down and dated a letter 1877. A lady called to have him subscribe something for a new Sunday-school, and he bristled up and yelled, —

“No, sir, not a red! Sunday-schools are killing the interests of this country!”

After about an hour he went out and asked a doctor if three drinks of gin per day would hurt any one. The doctor thought not, if they were light drinks. Returning to the office, Shiner hunted up an old brandy bottle, and sat and held it for a long time, and wondered how they were made, and then threw it into the coal-box and went out on the street and asked a life-insurance agent if two or three drinks a day would hurt a man. “Of course they wouldn't,” replied the agent. Going home to supper, Shiner asked three more men, and they all replied, “No.” When he reached home, he said the biscuits weren't fit for cannibals, gave the girl warning to leave, and called his wife's brother, who was there on a visit, a hump-backed, wilful liar.

When Shiner went down town in the evening he asked three more doctors if a little brandy was hurtful. Then he went into a saloon and asked for some pop. He was a good while in drinking it, and then he asked to look at the label on a brandy-bottle. When he had read it he

looked to see if the cork was in very tight, and asked the saloon-keeper if he thought brandy would hurt any one.

When Shiner reached home that night he threw his wallet at his wife, told the hired girl that she might stay there 5,000 years, begged his wife's brother's pardon, and, as he turned a handspring in the parlor, he broke out with—

“So, farewell, Mary Ann,
You must do the best you can.”

Shiner was tight.

HE ACCEPTS.

The following correspondence has passed between the Centennial Committee of Invitation and Red Cloud the noted Indian Chief:—

PHILADELPHIA, October, 1875.

MISTER R. C. *Dear Sir*:—We shall be pleased to have you exhibit your scalp-lock at the Centennial some time in May next. Will your professional duties permit you to leave home at that time?

Very truly

_____,
_____,
_____.

OUT WEST, October, 1875.

WHITE MEN. *Sirs*:—Heap glad! Red Cloud big Injun! Owns 14 squaws, and 2 hoss! Me be there! Bring 200 scalps along! Ugh!

R. C.

CHINESE TIME.

The Chinese have a curious but very remarkable method of keeping time. If a Chinaman borrows five dollars of you and agrees to return it in three days you can't catch sight of him for three weeks. If you borrow five dollars of him and agree to return it in three weeks he calls at the end of three days and demands his cash.



Sixth Month.

JUNE.

30 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>		4	11	18	25
<i>Monday</i>		5	12	19	26
<i>Tuesday</i>		6	13	20	27
<i>Wednesday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Thursday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Friday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Saturday</i>	3	10	17	24	

BEGIN to save money now for the Fourth of July.

SKIMMERHORN was born in this month. Safe now to get your hair cut. Old potatoes seem to have lost their melodious taste. Butter can't

carry a stiff back-bone It is doubtful if this month has over thirty days.

DOUBTABILITIES. — 1st to 3d — All nature puts on the biggest kind of a grin, apple trees slinging their blossoms around as if money didn't cost anything.

3d to 7th — First circus arrives in town. No respectable lady will travel under the canvas in order to avoid encouraging wicked institutions. Seems to be a good many folks getting married and laying in wholesale stocks of future misery.

7th to 17th — Not the least sign of snow.

17th to 22d — Corn gets so high and tough that the crows meet in convention and want to know what this country is coming to.

22d to 30th — No more skating. Lightning-rod agents begin to outnumber the lawyers.

HAD RIGHTS. — The other day, as a woman was crossing Gratio street, a team brushed her so closely that she fell down. The driver halted and asked if she were hurt, adding:

"You ought to know more than to walk in the middle of the street."

"I had, eh?" she yelled in a shrill voice, as she brushed the dust from her apron; "well, I want you to understand, sir, that I've got just as much right in the road, sir, as any old red hoss which was ever harnessed up, sir!"

GENERAL JACKSON once made a dinner of a crust of bread and a cup of water, and when a Cairo wife complains of the scarcity of provisions, her husband asks her if she is any better than General Jackson.

A TALL stranger entered a saloon, and pulling off his coat, inquired: "Is there anybody here who wants to lick me?" "Yes! Yes!" exclaimed half a dozen loafers in chorus, as they rose up. "I thought there was!" coolly replied the stranger, as he opened the door and walked out.

ONLY TWO. — A teacher of a select school got hold of a new pupil the other day, and in testing his general intelligence she asked him:

"How many seasons are there in a year?"

"Two," he promptly replied.

"Aren't there more than two?"

"No."

"What are they?"

"Summer, when I go barefooted, and winter, when I wear dad's old boots."

GOOD REASONS. — "Hi! Samuel, has you moved yit?" inquired one colored man of another whom he met at the central market, yesterday. "No, I'se still in the old place," was the answer. "But I war' told dat you war' gwine to git out ob de neighborhood," continued the first. "Wall, I did make up my mind to; but you see de family next door, and de family on the corner, and de family 'cross de street have left dere woodpiles out doors, and I doesn't desire to change."

THEY tried to scare a Toledo man in Missouri by threatening to tar and feather him, but he replied, — “Come on with your old tar — I’ve been there six times, and I’ve got a receipt for washing it off!”

THE other evening, as bed-time approached for the two young sons of a Second street family, the smaller, a lad of six, stood before his father and said: “Father, they say it’s dreadful unhealthy for two persons to sleep together, and if you can’t get another bed for Bill, you’d better sell him and get me a velocipede!”

GUESSED THEY WOULD.—While two boys were yesterday talking over the gate of a house on Beach street, sounds of blows and yells were heard from the house, and one of them asked:

“What’s that? Father and mother having a fight?”

“No — that’s Mariar and ma,” replied the other boy. “Mariar wants to marry a policeman, while ma wants her to marry a duke or a lord, and I guess the old lady will bring her to time by and by!”

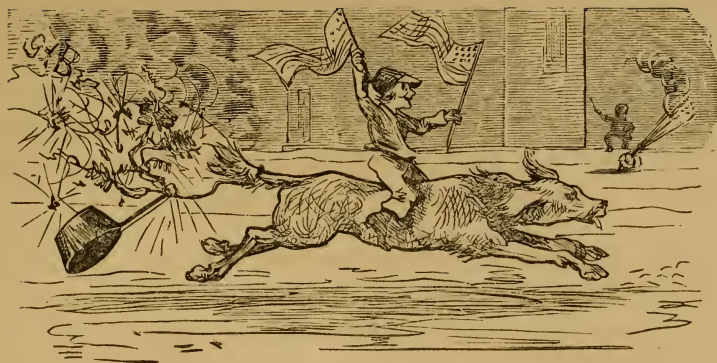
A TROY man has the presence of mind to warm his nose by a coal-stove before kissing his wife, and a Boston man always waits until he can chew a clove.

THE other day, when a house at Scranton fell into a coal pit, the old widow explained that something was always sure to happen to spoil her emptings if they looked flattering.

GETTING AROUND TO IT.—Yesterday, after purchasing two cents’ worth of liquorice drops at a drug store, a woman asked to see some toilet soap. She handled over the cakes absently, and then asked to see some hair brushes. She compared the several styles and said she guessed she’d look at some coarse combs! She handled the stock over, looked around, and finally whispered:

“A neighbor sent down by me to get a fine comb. Have you any?”

One was wrapped up and she skipped out, having been only half an hour getting around the delicate question.



Seventh Month.

JULY.

31 Days.

Sunday		2	9	16	23	30
Monday		3	10	17	24	31
Tuesday		4	11	18	25	
Wednesday		5	12	19	26	
Thursday		6	13	20	27	
Friday		7	14	21	28	
Saturday	1	8	15	22	29	

LIBERTY was born in the month of July. Mother is doing as well as circumstances permit.

THIS is the haying season. Don't make hay while the sun shines; make it along in

the cool of the evening, and you won't spoil so many paper collars.

THERE will be an eclipse this month; but as it doesn't belong to your church, let it slide.

SALT CREEK was discovered this month.

DOUBTABILITIES.— 1st to 3rd.— Not worth a red.

3rd to 4th.— Whoop! hurrah! for all of us, and more, too! Let the glorious emblem of American liberty be unfolded to the balmy breeze of American Independence, so to say. Unchain the eagle,—let loose the militia,—bring out the fire companies! and get some man with a cold in his head to read the Declaration of Independence! Philadelphia ablaze with glory. William Penn's bob-tailed coat hangs on the same peg with General Washington's Sunday hat! General Putnam's old jack-knife grins lovingly at General Lafayette's old wallet!

4th to 10th.— Remove the remains.

10th to 16th.—Headache all gone. Begin to lay up money for Christmas. Chain lightning playing pull-away up among the stars. Vegetation dusting right smart.

16th to 31st.—Cut your bean-poles for next year. Disposition on the part of young folks to ignore onions. Ice cream doesn't taste like the ice cream of twenty years ago. Remember the poor. Some of your nearest neighbors may be suffering for the want of a ton of coal.

THE CENTENNIAL.—Go down in May and stay all summer.

You may not feel well when 1976 comes, and you'll wish you had attended this show.

ITS going to cover more than a corner-lot, and there'll be room for your whole family and the neighbor's boys. Go in at the front-door, and come out through the roof, and don't miss a thing.

BOARD anywhere, put up with anything, and strive to be happy. Telegraph your folks that it is a big thing, and that you are going to see it out if you never own another mule in your life.

TAKE along something to add interest to the occasion, and make you feel as though you owned the biggest share in the establishment:

Bow to the Arab, nod to the Chinaman, shake hands with the Turk, wink at the Sepoy, smile at the Egyptian, and hold out your hand to the Russian, and ask him if his folks are usually well.

A CENTENNIAL doesn't grow on every bush, and it isn't once a year that a nation celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of its independence. Doors open at half-past seven; performance commences at eight. No premium chromos or prize-candy packages will be given out with this exhibition, but every child will be permitted to lift a thousand pounds on a lifting-machine, and parents can buy fifteen rolls of wall paper for the paltry sum of one dollar — only one dollar.

THE company of yourself and lady is respectfully solicited.

WAS MISTAKEN. — While a stranger was waiting at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues, yesterday, to take a car, a boy came spooning around him, and finally inquired :

“Don’t you want a boy to learn the printer’s trade?”

“What — where — I’m no printer — I’ve no office,” replied the man.

“Ain’t you a Lake Superior editor?” continued the boy, in a surprised tone.

“No, I’m not ; what made you think so?”

“Them feet!” whispered the boy, backing off, and pointing to the stranger’s enormous pedals. Conversation ceased at this juncture, but the boy kept feeling behind him, as he walked off, to see if anything was going to hit him.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has entirely recovered his health, and the sound of a barrel stave, hooping it to his children, is once more heard in the land.

YESTERDAY, as a policeman was strolling past a house on Fort street, east, a woman, a year or two over forty, having her sleeves rolled up and her hands covered with flour, ran out to the gate and called to him.

“It’s a little delicate,” she said, as she leaned over the gate and tried to blush, “but I’m a person that knows my rights ; and, besides, I’m all alone in the world and no one to advise me.”

“Speak your mind freely, madam,” replied the officer, tapping on the pickets with his baton.

“You know all about the law, don’t you?” she inquired.

“Everything, madam. I can tell you how to go to work in an admiralty case, and bring you from that down through divorce, bankruptcy, arson, burglary, false pretenses, hitching a horse to a shade tree, and getting intoxicated.”

“It’s a little delicate,” she softly said, as she rubbed the flour off her hands, “but, as I said before, I’m all alone.”

“Trust me, madam, repose confidence in me,” he replied, swelling out his chest.

“Well, s’posen you were a widow?”

“Yes, madam.”

"And s'posen one of the boarders gave you a breastpin?"

"I see, madam."

"And s'posen he smiled at you, and sent you poetry, and asked you to ride out on Sunday, and the neighbors whispered around that you were engaged?"

"Proceed, madam — I congratulate you."

"No, you mustn't; fors'posen, after all this, he suddenly began to claw off, and didn't smile on you any more, and didn't praise your cooking, and took another woman to the minstrel show?"

"Ah! the traitor! Perhaps he has transferred his affection to some one else."

"That's what I think. I know it's a little delicate, but I'm all alone in the world, you see, and I want to know if there isn't a law to bear on him. It isn't right to go and encourage a lone woman like me, and then claw off."

"He ought to be roasted alive, he had!"

"I don't know as I'd want him arrested, but I'd like to have you call on him and make threats. Tell him he's liable to State Prison for clawing off this way. I tell you it's a pretty serious thing to go and encourage a woman of my age, and then skulk around behind the hen-coop all of a sudden. Isn't there a law?"

"Let's see? I hardly think there is."

"Well, you can call on him. Take him alone — look fierce — have your hand-cuffs in sight. Just tell him that you know all about it, and that I'm good-hearted, pleasant, rich, and that he better be careful how he prances around, or he'll think a tornado struck him."

The officer promised, and she rubbed a cloud of flour off her hands, and ran up the path with a light heart.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.— Fifteen ounces of butter generally make a pound at most grocery stores.

IN measuring oats use a ten-foot tape-line.

Two quarts of berries is a pint measure three times full. Tell the purchaser that they settled down.

A COMMON two-quart pail will hold four pints of water.

A BAG of paper-rags will weigh fifteen pounds, if the grocer doesn't discover the seven-pound cobblestone which accidentally dropped in with the ravelings.

A TON of coal, if you are on hand to see it weighed, weighs 2,000 lbs. If you aren't there, it shrinks from 100 to 300 lbs. Coal scales have many bad weighs.

ANY respectable wood-dealer will tell you that he can get a plump cord of stove-wood into a wagon-box built to hold six-eighths of a cord. He'll tell you this after he goes out of the business.

A PINT-BOTTLE of champagne will hold a quart, if the neck was three feet longer. As it is, they hold all they can less than a pint.

AN ordinary man can measure three feet at each step. So can an ordinary woman, if out in a shower with a spring bonnet on.

THE number of feet in a "chain" depends on whether it is a vest-chain, or a log-chain.

AN acre of ground, if unoccupied and near town, contains 1,678 square feet of old boots, oyster cans, dead cats and soup bones.

A FURLONG is quite a bit fur-ther 'long than you thought you were.

FOUND ANOTHER. — The other day, the Chief of Police received a letter from a resident of Macomb street, reading :

"DEAR SIR. — I wish you would hunt up my wife ; she has run away.
J."

Next day a second letter came, reading :

"DEAR SIR. — You needn't mind looking up my wife. I've found a woman who stands ready to marry me any minute.
J."

A CINCINNATI woman tried to reach the bottom of the stairs ahead of a cask of vinegar, and the surgeon who fixed up her broken bones said that she might try for a thousand years and yet get beaten every time.

HIS LOOKS DECEIVED HIM.—He did not look like a joker. One to sit and study his face would have said that his soul was so lost in melancholy, that he didn't care two cents whether the sun set at noon or staid up until 7 o'clock. He entered the ladies' sitting-room at the Central Depot, walked up to a woman whose husband had left the room about ten minutes previously, and calmly inquired,—

"Madam, your husband went out to see the river, didn't he?"

"Yes — why?" she said, turning pale in an instant.

"He was a tall man, wasn't he?"

"He was," she replied, rising up and turning still paler.

"Had red hair?"

"He had — oh, what has happened?"

"Weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds?"

"Yes — yes — where is he — where is my husband?" she exclaimed.

"Couldn't swim, could he?"

"He's drowned — my husband is drowned!" she wailed.

"Had a silver watch-chain?" continued the stranger.

"Where is my husband — where is the body?" she gasped.

"Do not get excited, madam. Did your husband have on a gray suit?"

"Yes. Oh, my Thomas! my Thomas!"

"And stoga boots?"

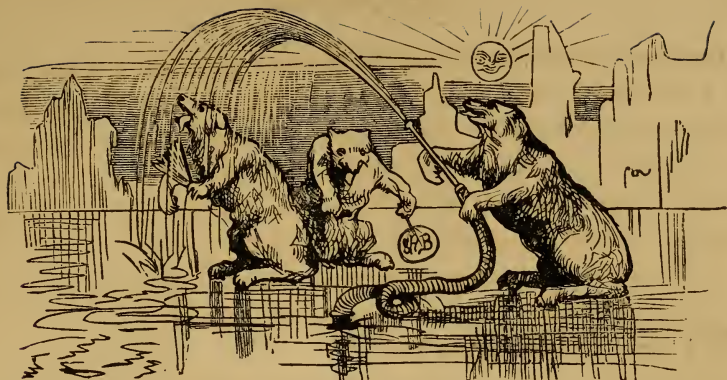
"Let me see him — let me see him!" she cried.

"Come this way, madam, but do not get excited. There, is that your husband across the street at that peanut stand?"

"Why, yes, that's him; that's my husband!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I thought you said he was drowned."

"No, madam, I did not. I saw him buying peanuts, and I believed it my duty to say to you that peanuts are not healthy at this season of the year!"

He slid softly out, and she stood there and chewed her parasol, and stared after him as if he were a menagerie on wheels.



Eighth Month.

AUGUST.

31 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>		6	13	20	27
<i>Monday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Tuesday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Wednesday</i>	2	9	16	23	30
<i>Thursday</i>	3	10	17	24	31
<i>Friday</i>	4	11	18	25	
<i>Saturday</i>	5	12	19	26	

FROST pretty well out of the ground, and pennyroyal looks promising.

PEOPLE begin to think of taking down their stoves, and coal dealers stroll around and cry out, "How long—

oh! how long!" But there is no long.

No eclipse that the undersigned has heard of.

DOUBTABILITIES. —1st to 4th. — The horse-fly begins to let up a little, warned by some mysterious voice that winter is not more than four miles off.

4th to 10th. — The festive huckleberry raises its pond-blue head, and wails for some one to come and gather him in.

10th to 16th. — Comes within a hair's breadth of the date when Jacob Clawhammer was born. Roses begin to draw on their boots and prepare to say "good-bye."

16th to 22d. — Threshing machines begin to make widows of wives, and give women a chance to go on an excursion to the cemetery. May be a hail-storm, but probably not.

22d to 31st. — Mad dog excitement worn down rather thin. Asiatic

cholera hasn't been around worth a cent. Grass-hoppers contracting for a supply of canned fence-rails for winter provisions.

THERE'S where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair-pins out and her shoes untied.

THINK of that! When you take a girl to spelling-school in Nevada, you have to ride twenty-four miles, and she expects you to keep your arm around her all the time!

OPEN FOR BETS. — A grocer stepped out of his door, yesterday, just as a boy had filled his pocket with apples from a barrel, and he shouted:

"Here! you have been stealing apples — police! police!"

"Don't holler out that way!" replied the boy, as he put the apples back. "Bill bet me that my pocket wouldn't hold three old sockers, and I was just trying to see. I'm open to such bets every day in the week!"

A DETROIT gentleman, walking behind two school children the other day heard the boy inquire: "Will you be at the party to-night?" "I shall be there," answered the miss, "but I may as well tell you that your love is hopeless. Mamma is determined, father is set, and it isn't right for me to encourage your attention. I can be a sister to you, but nothing more. Therefore you needn't buy me any valentine or give me any more gum."

STUFFED OWLS. — The other evening, as a Woodward avenue merchant was closing his store, a calm-eyed man entered and beckoned him twenty feet away from the cashier's desk, and whispered:

"You've lived around here a good while, haven't you?"

"About twelve years," was the answer.

"And you know what things are worth, don't you?"

"Well, I suppose I do."

"And you wouldn't lie to me?"

"What are you getting at?" demanded the merchant.

"Well, you see, there's a feller up here who wants to sell me a stuffed

owl, with yaller eyes, for 'leven dollars, but I don't believe it's worth over eight! What is the lowest cash figger on stuffed owls, anyhow?"

It didn't take the merchant over twenty seconds to tell him.

ALIVE TO BUSINESS.—Yesterday, while a lady was looking at some baby wagons, in front of a Woodward avenue store, a boy stepped up, and inquired,—

"Want to buy a buggy, mum?"

"Why, yes, I thought of it," she replied.

"Better wait a day or two," he continued, in a serious tone; "my little brother's powerful sick, and if he dies we'll sell his baby-cart at half what it cost!"

TOO DEEP FOR HIM.—What's de occasion of that big smoke over dar?" inquired one colored man of another, at the market, yesterday.

"Fire, sah," was the answer.

"And what's de occasion of de fire?"

"Combustshun."

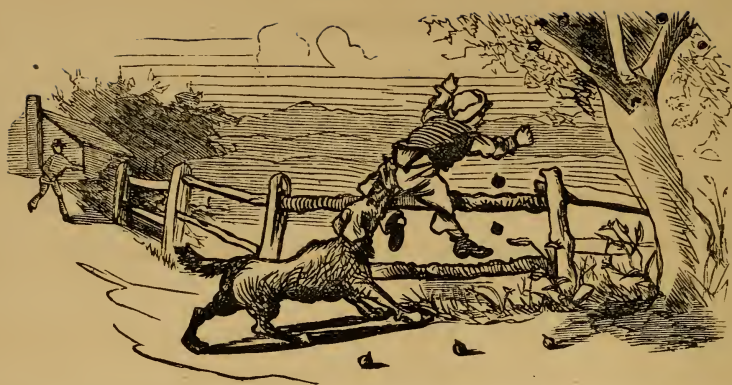
"And what's combustshun?"

"My friend," replied the other, crossing his legs, "dar's heaps of things in dis wourd dat no nigger ever knowed, or ever will know, an' we'll change de subject to gooseberries."

WHEN a Detroit sign-painter gets to work there is no "stopping" him. He says,— "Groceries provisions sugars teas oils codfish starch the nimble sixpence is our motto we cant be undersold if you dont see what you want ask for it."

It doesn't look very well for a Green Bay paper to rise up and remark that Green Bay never had an elopement. A word — a look — may set a woman to thinking and planning.

A YOUNG lady in Alabama said she guessed she knew how to shoot a pistol. The doctor who dug the bullet out of her brother's leg said he guessed so too.



Ninth Month.

SEPTEMBER.

30 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>		3	10	17	24
<i>Monday</i>		4	11	18	25
<i>Tuesday</i>		5	12	19	26
<i>Wednesday</i>		6	13	20	27
<i>Thursday</i>		7	14	21	28
<i>Friday</i>	1	8	15	22	29
<i>Saturday</i>	2	9	16	23	30

HOTEL gongs were invented in this month.

MOTHER-IN-LAW begins to ask for a fire in her room, and takes a hot brick to bed with her feet.

ECLIPSE in Rhode Island.

Room for three slim men, exclusive of home population.

CENTENNIAL begins to wind.

THE new potato now assumes definite size and shape. The blushing pumpkin skulks before the public with down-east eyes.

DOUBTABILITIES.—1st to 3rd.—No further need to “plug” water melons. The sentimental young lady thinks she hears the sighing breeze whispering sad thoughts of desolation and despair, but it’s only old Brown yelling at his oxen. Paper collars assume a stiffer appearance.

3rd to 9th.—Hot weather in South America. Czar of Russia orders the boys to coal up. Time now for plowing. If you are going to plow the raging sea, take a ship. The sunflower begins to hunt his den.

10th.—Perry’s victory. Such Perryants should be honored by their children.

11th, 12th, 13th, 14th.—Nothing to brag of.

15th to 25th.—Cows show a disposition to take long walks in the garden, and sit in the arbor and meditate. Handsome thing for meditation, but hard on vegetables.

SEPTEMBER has only 30 days, but this great and glorious country can't be ruined by any such trifle as that.

BE careful of your diet. A Georgian held a strawberry in his teeth for a young lady to bite at, and she bit half his nose off.

SHE WANTED AN EPITAPH.—She came in from the country a few days ago, and ordered a head-stone for the grave of her departed husband. The marble-cutter was to have it ready yesterday, when she was to come in again with the inscription, have the letters carved on, and take the stone away.

She was on time, but she wore an anxious, troubled look, having failed to write up such a notice as she thought the stone ought to bear.

"I want suthin' that'll do my poor dead Homer justiss," she explained to the marble-cutter. "I think I ought to have one or two verses of poetry, and then a line or two at the bottom,—suthin' like 'Meet me on the other shore,' you know."

The cutter said he thought he could get up something, and she entered the office, and he took out twenty-three sheets of foolscap and three pen-holders, and set to work, while she held her breath for fear of disturbing his thoughts. He ground away for a while, and scratched out and wrote in, and finally said he'd got the neatest thing that ever went upon white marble. It read,—

IN MEMORY

of

HOMER CLINK,

Who died

October 13, 1873.

Aged 41 years, 7 months, 21 days.

My husband was a noble man,

Of me he much did think;

And I'll never see another man
Like my poor Homer Clink.

"Isn't that bully?" asked the man, as he finished reading the inscription.

"It's purty fair, but ——," replied the widow.

"But what, madam?"

"Why, you see, he was good and kind, and was allus to hum nights, and all that, but I may find another man just as good, you know. I have said that I wouldn't marry again, but I may change my mind, and I guess we'd better tinker up that verse, a little. And, besides, you didn't get anything on the bottom."

She went out and rambled among the tombstones, while the cutter ground away again, and just as she had become interested in a dog-fight, he called her in and read the new inscription. The first part was as before, but his poetry read,—

"My husband is dead,
My poor Homer Clink,
And in the cold ground they have laid him;
He was always home nights,
Never got into fights,
But death come along and betrayed him."

"I shall meet him on the other shore, where all is lovely, and
where sickness never comes."

"There, how's that?" inquired the poet, a bland smile covering his face. "Seems to me as if that went right to the heart."

The woman took the paper, read the notice over four or five times, and finally said,—

"I don't want to seem partikler about this, and I know I am makin' a good deal of trouble. That would do for most any one else—it's the real poetry, but I'd like suthin' kinder different, somehow. He was a noble man. He never give me a cross word in his life—not one. He'd be out of bed at daylight, start the fire,—and I never got up till I heard him grinding the coffee. He was a good provider, he **was**. He

never bought any damaged goods, because he couldn't git 'em cheap; and he never scrimped me on sugar and tea, as some folks do. I can't help but weep when I think of him!"

She sobbed away for a while, and then brightened up, and said,—

"Of course, I'll meet him in heaven. It's all right. As I told you, I may never marry again, though I can't tell what I'll be driven to. Just try once more."

She sat down to an old almanac, and the cutter resumed his pen. He seemed to get the right idea at once, and it wasn't fifteen minutes before he had the third notice ground out. It read,—

IN MEMORY
of
HOMER CLINK,
Who died
Oct. 13, 1873,
Aged 41 yrs. 7 mos. 21 dys,

He was the kindest sort o' man,
He was a good provider;
And when a friend asked him to drink
He always called for cider.

His wife she has a noble heart,
And though she may re-marry;
When'er she thinks of Homer Clink
Her heart a sigh will carry.

"He has crossed the dark river, and found peace and good health."

"That's good,—that just hits me!" exclaimed the widow, tears coming to her eyes. "I've got to go and do some trading, and I'll be back in two hours. Put the inscription on handsome like, and I shan't mind two dollars extra."

About noon, her one-horse wagon backed up to the dealer's, and as the stone was loaded up, the widow's face wore a quiet smile of satisfaction.

HE KNOWS HOW TO WORK IT.—When a Sixth street boy wants a pair of skates or a jack-knife, he never thinks of asking his father for them, but states his wants to his mother. She answers that times are hard, and he must wait awhile, and he turns away with the remark,—

“Very well, mother. You may give my sled to Johnny Maloney, and my dog to Jack Spar.”

“What do you mean?” she wildly inquires.

“And let Coroner Griffin hold the inquest!” he continues, making for the door.

She overtakes him, entreats him not to go and kill himself, and in about fifteen minutes she is seen on her way up town after the skates.

PHILOSOPHY.—About midnight, Friday night, a policeman found a man seated on the steps of the post office, very quiet but pretty drunk, and he asked him why he did not go home.

“’Cause,” replied the man, “’cause if I should go home now and my wife should go for me, it would hurt my feelings. If I wait till I get about two pegs drunker, she may talk all night, and it’ll slide right off’n my shoulders like greased lightning going down hill.”

He was allowed to wait.

THE PINCH.—A colored dame encountered a policeman on Beaubien street, one day, and halting him, she inquired,—

“Spouse’n dat a purson spits in anoder purson’s face, is dat anything?”

“Well, no,” replied the officer.

“Wall, spouse’n dat purson whose face was spit into should take de poker and drop de purson who done de spitting, and cut a big gash in dat purson’s head, would dat be anything?”

“That would be a serious case, madam. Did any one strike you with a poker?”

“Dat’s whar de pinch comes in. Ize de one who done de hitting!” she exclaimed, lifting her hands in amazement and horror.



Tenth Month.

OCTOBER.

31 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>	1	8	15	22	29	
<i>Monday</i>	2	9	16	23	30	
<i>Tuesday</i>	3	10	17	24	31	
<i>Wednesday</i>	4	11	18	25		
<i>Thursday</i>	5	12	19	26		
<i>Friday</i>	6	13	20	27		
<i>Saturday</i>	7	14	21	28		

CENTENNIAL closes this month, and the country has been saved.

LINEN coats begin to look care-worn and down-hearted.

MOON returns from Saratoga.

CHATTLE mortgages given in June, to enable folks to go to Long Branch, begin fo fall due now.

HENRY PATRICK was born in this month,— six weeks too late to go in swimming, and two months too early to play with icicles.

DOUBTABILITIES.—1st to 5th.— Take the well-pole and knock down the red-cheeked apples. Give the grind-stone a fall coat of paint.

5th to 9th.— Shah of Persia sends down word for his tailor to trot up to the palace and get out timber for a new overcoat. Cold, gray clouds skulking around,— newspapers begin to publish a list of the frogs which have taken up winter quarters in port.

9th to 16th.— Suck the juicy grape and devour the puckery persimmon. Haul in on the slack of your corn crop,— lower away the rotund potato and make all snug.

16th to 20th.— Heat and cold and other kinds of weather. The boys evince a disposition to sleep spoon-fashion. The family cat goes into quarters under the kitchen stove.

20th to 27th. — Expect rain, but there won't be any. The blue-bird sends his satchel to the depot and orders it checked for South Carolina.

27th to 31st. — Bald-headed men begin to swear about the coal mine strikes. Cows hunt for the sunny side of the barn-yard, and meditate on the rise in woollen goods. Old maids may be seen trundling wheelbarrow loads of brick home. Everything indicates that the next thing will be something else.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE. — When a farmer drives into town on Michigan avenue with a load of wood, and is met by a man who wants fuel, the man asks, —

“How much for that wood?”

“\$5.00” is the reply.

“Give you \$4.50.”

“Can't do it.”

The man walks up and down, and the farmer stands and swings his arms to warm his hands.

“Well, say \$4.75,” says the man, at last.

“Can't take less'n five,” replies the farmer.

Another pause, and the man says, —

“Well, say \$4.85.”

“That's nice wood — worth \$5.00,” is the reply.

“Well, call it \$4.90.”

Farmer walks around, ponders the subject, and finally says, —

“See here, I don't want to be stingy and mean; I'll split the difference, and we'll call it \$4.99.”

COULDN'T CONSOLE HIM. — A policeman, yesterday, tried to console a small boy who was crying over a fall, by saying, —

“Why, you didn't fall half so far as I would have to.”

“I know it,” sniffled the lad, “but you've got a good deal more to fall on than I have!”

REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION.—She seemed about eighteen years old, as she tripped down Woodward avenue. She struck an icy spot, uttered a cry, and was discovered sitting down. Several men rushed up, and as they extended their hands, they beheld a gaunt, old face, where they had, but one moment before, observed rosy cheeks and a dimpled mouth. They stared at her in painful surprise, unable to comprehend what had occurred, and she picked up her teeth and false hair, and limped into a store.

A MICHIGAN man couldn't find a comb or a hair-brush in a Kansas hotel, and when he complained about it the landlord replied,—

"If you are so particular as all that, you ought to have brought the Astor House along with you."

QUOTING FROM THE BIBLE.—Yesterday, while several colored men were loafing around the central market, and talking over the Louisiana troubles, one of them heaved a sigh, and said,—

"It's bad business. De Bible says, 'He dat lives by de sword shall die like de whirlwind,' and dose fellers had better look out!"

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.—A farmer, having sold his load of produce at the market, yesterday, stepped into an oyster establishment to make a purchase of a can.

"Forty cents," said the clerk, as he handed down a can.

The farmer turned it over, failed to see any X's on the can, and he put up his wallet, and replied,—

"You can't shark me, mister. I know where I can get cans with three X's on 'em for that money."

The clerk wrestled with him, but his explanations couldn't sell the can.

PHILOSOPHY.—When a Detroit boy is out until half-past ten o'clock in the evening, and his father says to him,—“Boy, the first thing in the morning I'll settle this with you!” that boy arises at daylight, seeks the buck-saw and wood-pile, and he never lets up for a moment until after his father has eaten his breakfast and left the house.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.— A middle-aged man was on trial at the Central Station Court, yesterday morning, for drunkenness, and as he pleaded guilty, his Honor said he would have to make it thirty days. The prisoner glanced around, saw his wife in the room, and hastened to say,—

“Do me a great favor, your Honor — make it plump three months !”

His request was complied with, and the prisoner wore a grin of triumph as he turned to his wife.

SHE COULD.— An old lady, riding on a street car yesterday, took a clay pipe and tobacco from her pocket, and after filling the pipe and



borrowing a match, she leaned back for a smoke. The conductor entered the car, tapped her on the shoulder, and said,—

“You can’t smoke in here.”

“I know it’s a leetle crowded,” she replied, as she looked up, “but I’m used to travellin’, an’ I guess I can put up with it !”

She was allowed to finish her pipe.

NOT POSTED.— The other day, as father and son were riding on a Fort street car, the boy whispered to his parent,—

“There’s a lady over there who hasn’t combed her hair in a week !”

The father saw before him a lady whose hair was full of tangles, curls, and rat’s nests, as is the fashion, and he replied to the boy,—

“Don’t you know better than that ? Why, she’s been a whole month trying to make her hair look just that way !”



Eleventh Month.

NOVEMBER.

30 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>		5	12	19	26	
<i>Monday</i>		6	13	20	27	
<i>Tuesday</i>		7	14	21	28	
<i>Wednesday</i>	1	8	15	22	29	
<i>Thursday</i>	2	9	16	23	30	
<i>Friday</i>	3	10	17	24		
<i>Saturday</i>	4	11	18	25		

THE King of Dahomey may get his stove-wood piled up.

THE black bear keeps both eyes open to find apartments for the winter. Prefers them on the ground floor.

THE inspector of gas-metres now admits that life has much worth living for.

GET your lettuce and peas under cover, and say farewell to strawberry short-cake.

DOUBTABILITIES.—1st to 4th.—Wet on the Lakes; a good deal of water around.

4th to 7th.—Husking bees. Any one who finds a girl with a red ear is entitled to kiss her. Proper time now to go down to the saw-mill and steal enough boards to repair your barn. A merciful man is merciful to his beast, and if you go at night you won't be detected.

7th to 15th.—Take in your mosquito-bars, and sing a requiem o'er the grave of cotton socks. Good time to wander along the pebbly beach, and listen to the murmur of the sad sea waves, and get a sore throat and a cold in the head.

15th to 22nd.—Ascertain where your neighbor is going to pile his wood, and make your arrangements accordingly.

22nd to 27th.—Buy your girl a pair of No. 10 Arctic overshoes.

27th to 30th.—Keep dry.

UP to this date the month of November has had but thirty days, but the country is growing and improving, and the public should be hopeful.

AN elephant is 1,227,386 times larger than a flea, but yet there are women who growl at paying two shillings to visit a menagerie, and will turn a feather bed over for half a day to hunt a flea.

THERE is something grand and terrible in the look of a mother, as she hauls the potato basket out of the pantry, makes a hurried inspection, and calls out,—“Celestia Jane! every 'tater in this basket has been friz!”

WHAT AILED HIM.—A fat citizen, whose shirt-bosom was torn and blood-stained, hat staved in and coat collar dangling around his heels, was, the other day, seen making his way up Clifford street at a trot. Encountering an acquaintance he was asked,—

“Thunder and blazes! What ails you?”

“Halted back there to put a stop to a family fight!” gasped the fat man, as he hurried forward.

WHILE a young lady was standing on the wharf, at the foot of Second street, waving her handkerchief at a schooner lying in the stream, a boy came along, and inquired,—

“Know anybody aboard?”

“No, I don’t, but they are waving their handkerchiefs at me,” she replied.

“Hand (ha!) ker (hoo) chief!” he exclaimed, dropping his basket, and leaning against a woodpile; “why, them’s the men’s shirts hung up to dry!”

She waved into a warehouse.

AN ANCIENT GAUL.— He walked out of the depot, with a satchel in his hand — a good looking satchel, yet terribly gaunt and thin. If satchels had ribs, one could have seen that satchel's ribs, and noted how thin in flesh it was. When a professor of hack-driving asked the stranger if he would have a carriage, he smiled blandly and replied, —

“Not this time, Colonel — not just now, although I warn thee that it is plebian-like for a duke to walk around with his baggage in his hand. I am in search of a hostelry — a caravansary, where I can recuperate and refresh.”

When he stood before the hotel clerk, the clerk noted that the stranger's hat was full of dents and caves; that his shirt-front was badly soiled; that his garments were becoming threadbare, and that there was need of thorough repair.

“I desire a seat at the banquet-board, without delay,” said the stranger. “I have travelled far and feel the need of refreshment.”

The clerk smiled as the satchel was lifted over the counter. He “hefted” it and smiled again.

“I carry the ducats here, in my wallet,” said the stranger, “and after I have sipped the amber mocha, and carved the spring poultry, I shall cheerfully requite thee.”

He might have seventy-five cents about him — the clerk would chance it. Victory lurked in the stranger's eye as he turned to one of the bell-boys, and said, —

“Youthful slave, conduct me to a place where I can lave my fevered brow.”

He was conducted, and after he had laved, he looked a little better. Even a boot-black is improved by a liberal application of soap and water. Still, there was that lank satchel behind the counter, those thread-bare garments and that hungry voice.

“Now, serf, proceed to the banquet hall, and I will follow thee,” said the stranger, as he ran a coarse comb over his head for the last time.

Seated at the table and approached by a waiter, he remarked, —

“Thou can'st bring me rare viands of any kind, and I shall not quarrel with thee about the cookery.”

"Beefsteak — fried ham — mutton chops or liver?" queried the girl.

"Fair lady, to thine own good judgement do I leave it," he replied; "only let wings be added to thy speed, for my castle is leagues away, and I hunger."

She brought him a well-selected stock of groceries and provisions, and he got away with them, as a steam ditcher goes down through sandy soil. He ate his fill, and then he crammed another meal down on top of that. He emptied his coffee cup again and again, and when he finally rose from the table he could hardly lift himself. Turning to the fatigued waiter, he gently said,—

"Fair maiden of the valley, thou hast done thy culinary work in a manner which speaks volumes for thee. Permit me to offer thee my heartfelt thanks."

He strolled into the office, put some matches in one vest pocket, and some tooth-picks in the other, and leaning his elbow on the counter, said to the clerk,—

"Thou knowest thy duties well, and when I am far away I shall gladly sound thy praise."

"Come, no fooling now — out with that seventy-five cents."

"As soon as my retainers arrive I shall give thee a weighty purse, and thou can'st keep every ducat in it."

"Ducats be hanged! I want scrip — nickles — stamps! I want pay for your breakfast!"

"Gently, my friend with the Roman nose," continued the stranger; "thou can'st not say I am a lord or a duke in disguise."

"And I don't care a cent! Are you going to pay?"

"Am I going to turn these fragments of wood into gold?" queried the stranger, as he held up a number of pine tooth-picks.

The clerk came out of the office,—having the lean satchel in his hand,—and he took the stranger to the door, kicked him with great good will, and pointed up the street.

"I go," said the man, in a solemn voice, "but when my retainers arrive I shall seek revenge — human gore shall be shed to satisfy me!"

"You want to gore right away from here — quick — smart!" exclaimed the clerk.

He went. His face was clouded for a moment, but then a grand smile covered it, and he stopped a newsboy and asked,—

"My faithful minion, can'st thou direct me to an office over the door of which hangs the traditionary golden balls of the base money-lender — a place where I may exchange a few precious heirlooms for some vile dross?"

And the boy did.



Twelfth Month.

DECEMBER.

31 Days.

<i>Sunday</i>		3	10	17	24	31
<i>Monday</i>		4	11	18	25	
<i>Tuesday</i>		5	12	19	26	
<i>Wednesday</i>		6	13	20	27	
<i>Thursday</i>		7	14	21	28	
<i>Friday</i>	1	8	15	22	29	
<i>Saturday</i>	2	9	16	23	30	

NEVADA saloon-keepers commence to saw their whiskey into ten-cent chunks.

DON QUIXOTE was born in this month.

LAST man gets away from Saratoga, and the bell-boys

go over to the store to hurry up those diamond pins.

FIRE companies meet and declare that the season has opened better than could have been expected.

PEOPLE who got drunk on election day are now able to turn a corner without rolling off the sidewalk.

DOUBTABILITIES.—1st to 3d.—Buy Lake Shore.

3d to 5th.—Grease the doorsteps and prepare for business.

5th to 11th.—Mother-in-law begins to grow sassy. Dogs howl mournfully. Look out for storms on Lake Erie. Old women begin to remember the Morgan excitement.

5th to 9th.—Stable your ducks.

9th to 16th.—Frost begins to spook around right smart. Good time for frosted cake.

16th to 21st.—Ghosts.

21st to 24th.— Right time to hunt for Captain Kidd's buried treasure
Hang up your sock. Santa Claus crosses the State line.

25th. — Turkey.

25th to 29th.—Pick the bones.

29th to 31st.— Goose for New Years.

PROPOSITIONS of marriage, in Nevada, are written on postal cards, and the answer comes by return mail: "Come on with your preacher!"

A PENNSYLVANIA paper has a wood-cut likeness of Captain Kidd, the pirate, and it won't lend it to the other paper in that town to publish as the likeness of a self-made man. Such meanness cannot fail to be terribly rewarded.

"WHAT'S this crowd around here for?" demanded a policeman, the other night, as he came upon a dozen boys grouped near the gate of the house on Second street. "Keep still," replied one of the lads, "there comes old John, tight as a brick, and we're waiting here to see his wife pop him with the rolling pin, as he opens the front door."

NO SHOW FOR HIM.— Saturday afternoon, while the rope-walker was going through his performances, a boy, about twelve years old, turned to an acquaintance of the same age, and remarked,—

"Tom, don't you wish you could do that?"

"Yes, I do," sadly replied Tom, "but my folks make me go to school, and are determined that I shan't never be nobody!"

IT WAS A BEE.— Any one passing along Howard street, just before noon, yesterday, would have seen him lying under one of the shade trees in his yard, a pillow under his head, his feet on a bench, and a magazine in his hands. He looked the picture of comfort and contentment; and the women who were going along with pull-back dresses on, sighed and wished they were men.

The great city hall bell struck the hour of noon. The deep-toned echoes floated out on the still summer air, and touched a tender cord in the Howard-street man's heart. The echoes sounded to him like funeral

whispers — like the whispers of the night wind sighing through the grand old wilderness.

“Oh, solemn bell!” he said “Oh, sad, solemn ——!”

That was all he said about the bell. A bumble-bee settled down on him to look for sugar, and as he turned partly over he, gave the bee a rub. It is a bad thing to rub any kind of a bee. He feels insulted and gets annoyed at things which a mud turtle or a dove would pass by without a thought. The echoes of the bell were just dying away when the Howard-street man got up. He got up like a man in a hurry. He went away from there. He didn't meander—he went like a rocket. Something seemed to ail him. He made a line for the house, went up the steps at a bound, and, as his wife asked him the cause of his haste, he replied,—

“Thunder—oop! hoop!”

“Is this house on fire?” she asked, as he tore around the parlor and upset things.

“House be —— oop! Lördy!” he answered, as he made a circle of the room and dashed into the hall.

The dog rushed after him, the wife rushed after the dog, and the man bounded out of the house.

“Are you crazy, Robert?” shrieked the wife, as she beheld him pounding his legs with his new silk hat.

Two or three boys ran in from the street, a strange dog came in and got up a fight, and all things conspired to make a lively time.

“He's got the colic!” yelled one of the boys.

“Or the tremers!” shouted another.

“See that hat!” called a third.

“Boys, go out of here,” whispered the panting man, after he had stopped using his hat. They went out, and as he limped into the house, his tearful wife asked,—

“Now, then, will you tell me what has happened?”

“No, I won't!” he shouted, and he didn't. She fell into hysterics at the thought that he had used his brain too much, and had suddenly

become crazed ; and he went down to the drug store and applied arnica to the spot, and informed the clerk that 11,000 of the largest kind of bumble-bees settled right down on him in a body.

“HAVE you ‘Goldsmith’s Greece?’” was asked of the clerk in a store in which books and various miscellaneous articles were sold. “No,” said the clerk, reflectively, “we haven’t Goldsmith’s Greece, but we have some splendid hair-oil.”

COULDN’T FOOL HIM.—He was past the prime of life, but yet there was a good deal of life in him. He came into the drug store to get some quinine for his “shakes,” and a pile of almanacs, on the counter, attracted his attention. He picked one up, opened it, and it was plain to be seen that he was not a professor of almanacey. He happened to open it at the September calendar. The day was Wednesday, and the month July. His eye fell on “Wednesday” in the calendar, he saw the date “September 16th ;” and after a smile of incredulity, he tossed the almanac back and said to himself : “When a man, or a beast, or a book gits up an’ tells me that September comes in July, I’ll just walk right away from ’em !”

ALMANACS.—Almanacs are always handy things to have around the house. Every well-arranged house-wife uses the family almanac for a holder, a dust-brush and a table-mat, and her children find no end of amusement in looking at the beautiful pictures of angels, scorpions, harps, lions, pirates, wind-mills, fishes and mermaids, and in reading about Buffalo Bill, and other noted tyrants and acrobats.

If I were a poor man, with a family of sixty or seventy children depending on my daily toil for their silk dresses and broad-cloth suits, and had my choice between having thirteen of my relatives come in from the country to visit me for three or four weeks, or of having an almanac in the house, I should tell ’em to send up the almanac by special train. It is comfort for the living, consolation for the dying ; and no unabridged dictionary can begin with an almanac for dates and things.

THE CROPS.

THE grasshopper crop of 1875 was the largest ever harvested, although no special effort was made on the part of agriculturists to render it a champion crop.

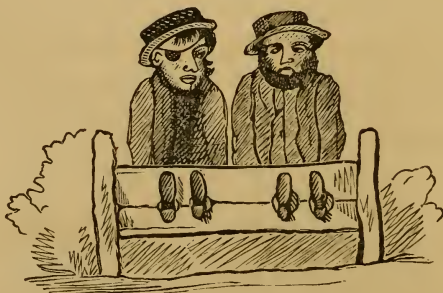
OWING to the fine weather in May and June, the potato-bug crop turned out much better than was anticipated. Many farmers who didn't expect to raise a single bug harvested millions of them. It is confidently expected that there will be any quantity of bugs for foreign shipment, after the home market has been supplied.

THE fishing season opened beautifully, and continued fine throughout the season. Over twenty men were noticed going around the corner with a rock-bass on a string.

THE area devoted to the cultivation of the cotton-worm was not so large as in 1874, but every planter's want has been fully supplied, and there is no grumbling about a scarcity.

THERE hasn't been a great many whirlwinds or tornadoes, owing to the backward season ; but those maturing were of good size, headed out well, and will supply the market through the winter.

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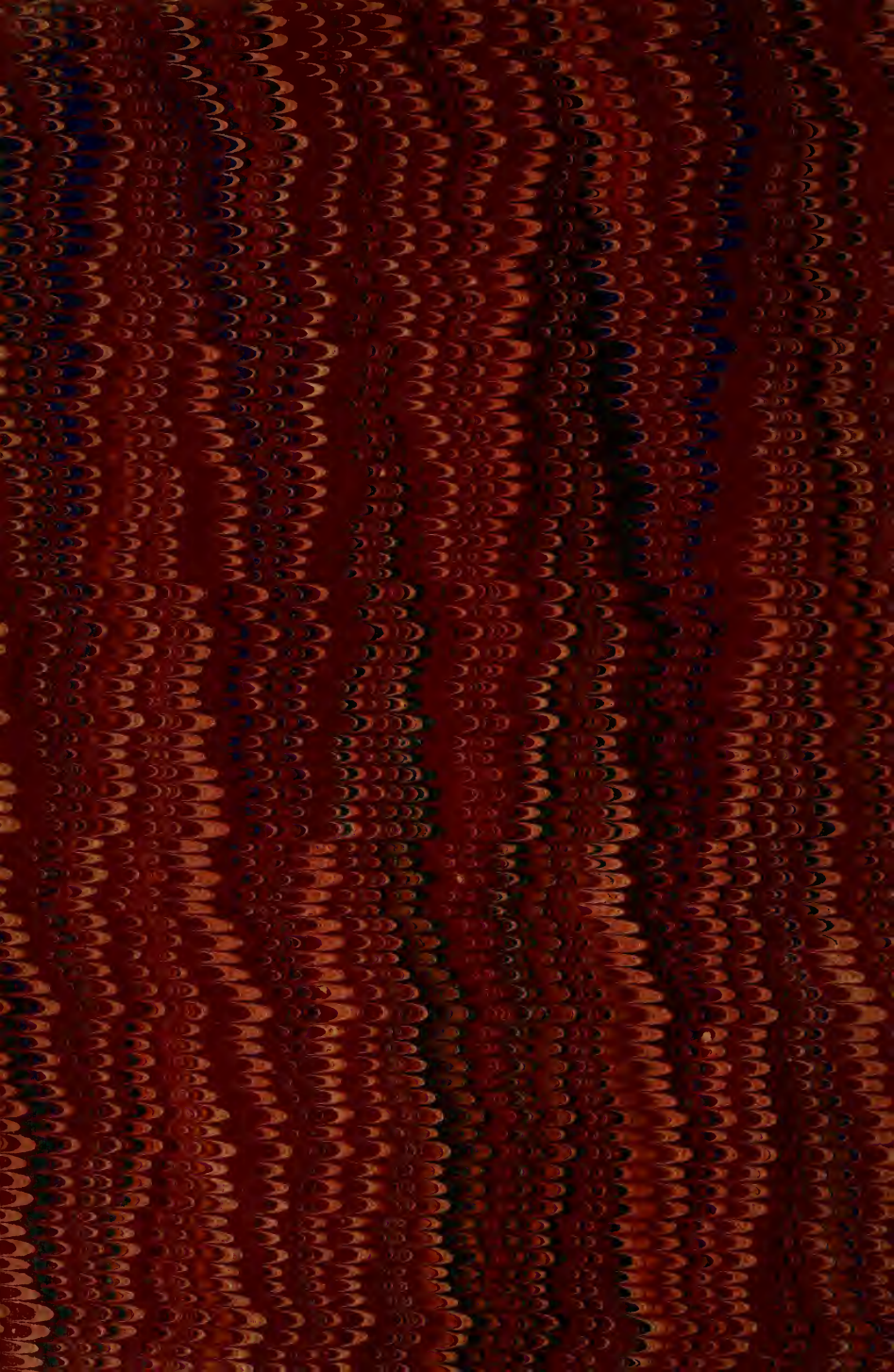
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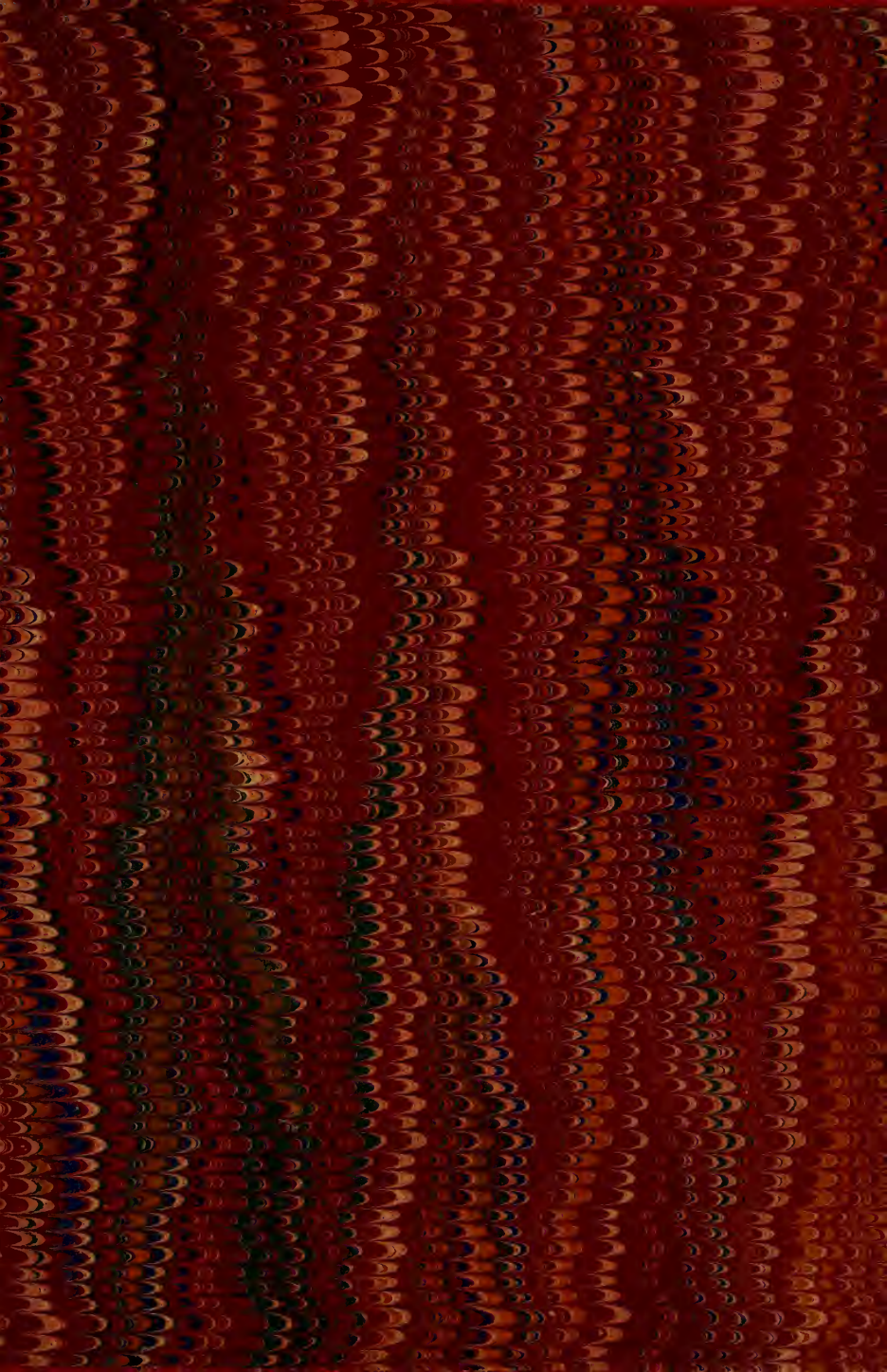
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